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LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF LONDON LIFE.

ON THE GRAND JURY.

BESIDE planting a tree, and adding at least a unit to the rising population, there is a third duty incumbent upon every Briton who is a householder—he must serve as a juror. There are three kinds of juries, grand, special, and petty; but since for the last two you get a guinea a day, attendance upon them is considered by some to be rather a privilege than a duty. The grand jury is an institution, for belonging to which no recompense is awarded, except *keudos*—the thanks of a grateful country—and hence many persons shirk it, if they can.* Some householders never do get summoned. A guinea judiciously administered to the sheriff's officer, at a very early period of the threatened infliction, it is said, works wonders; a stitch in time saves nine; but I have no practical knowledge of this artifice. I know if one doesn't go, what happens. Three months afterwards, when the circumstance has faded from all but the Judicial mind, a letter arrives, in an infamous handwriting, to inform one that the next morning an officer and another (not an officer and a gentleman) will enter one's habitation, and seize upon any article of furniture not exceeding the value of ten pounds, and confiscate the same to our Lady the Queen, by way of fine. Conceive one's American rocking-chair, one's inlaid ivory cribbage-board, one's stuffed Himalayan pheasant in a glass case, being transferred to Buckingham Palace from one's unambitious dwelling-house in St John's Wood! It is probably by misadventure, however, that one does not obey one's country's call, for the Summons is of a character to terrify the most audacious recusant. It is said by the attorneys (with reference to barristers who write books) that law suffers by any alliance with literature; I think I may be permitted to retort, upon the authority of the

subjoined document, that literature is also liable to suffer by alliance with law.

By virtue of a warrant from the Sheriff of the county to me directed; I summon you to be and appear before her Majesty's judges and justices at the Central Criminal Court, at Justice Hall in the Old Bailey, in the suburbs of the city of London, on Monday, &c., at Ten of the clock in the forenoon, Precisely, to *inquire, present, do, and execute all and singular those things* you shall be then and there enjoined. Whereof fail not, as you will answer the contrary at your Peril.

I have placed the most striking portion of this elegant literary composition in italics, but it is all more or less admirable throughout. Its composer is unknown, I believe; but from its vague and melodramatic threats, combined with its professional iteration, I am inclined to think that some 'super' at the Victoria Theatre, who is occupied by day in an attorney's office, must have thrown it off during a period of protracted intoxication. 'Whereof fail not, as you will answer the contrary:' I clung to the hope that, for the credit of Her Majesty's judges and justices, this at least might have been a misprint for 'country,' which would have rendered the sentence less unintelligible; but such was not the case. The whole document, it will be admitted, is calculated to alarm the female mind in the highest degree; and chancing, in my own case, to arrive during my absence from home, the consequences to my unhappy wife, who opened it, were such as to shake her nervous centres very considerably. She thought, I believe, it was a writ for my immediate apprehension and removal to the condemned cells of Newgate Prison. The circumstance occurred years ago, but I remember it, and all that followed, as though it had happened this very week.

Upon the day and hour appointed, then, I found myself at 'Justice Hall, in the suburbs of the city of London' (although no cabman would have known whither to drive under such direction), listening to the names of my fellow-sufferers being called over by a barrister, and reiterated by an officer of the court. The barrister spoke distinctly enough, but the officer roared. It was like a pistol

* I am speaking of Londoners only: the country gentleman, whose desire is above all things to kill time, when there are no foxes, holds serving upon the grand jury as an entertainment of considerable attraction.

fired in a cavern; there was the report, and there were three tremendous reverberations:

'Charles Jonathan Jones.

'Charles Jonathan Jones.

'Charles Jonathan Jones.

'Answer to your name, and save your fine of two hundred shillings and eightpence.'

This was the peril darkly hinted at in the mystic summons, and a good many incurred it. Enough, however, remained obedient to their country's call to make up the requisite quorum of twenty-three, and we were politely requested to adjourn to the grand jury-room, and choose our foreman. Imagine two dozen Englishmen (save one), none of whom had ever set eyes upon his comrades, requested to make election, within five minutes, of who should be his representative man for the next three days. It was a position absolutely unexampled for embarrassment; every man looked at his neighbour in dismay and hate, as though his lips were in the act of murmuring: 'This gentleman now appears to me to be just the sort of man for a job of this exceptional character.' As for myself, I was not alarmed, for I had made up my mind, in case of any such remark being made with reference to me, to smile, and say: 'It was a very fine day at present, but likely to be wet presently;' by which it would be gathered that I was much too deaf for the situation. Some born genius, however, hit upon the device of inquiring whether anybody had served as foreman before; and another gentleman, of less intelligence, having been so weak as to own he had, he was elected by acclamation. Then we trooped back into court, and were sworn to keep the Queen's secrets (none of which, however, were confided to the present writer), after which we received the judge's charge, and in that dangerous condition returned to the grand jury-room. Now, whether it was the charge which caused some of us to want to 'go off' or whether it struck one or two that it would be pleasant to evade both the fine for non-attendance and the attendance also, but no sooner was our unfortunate foreman installed in his chair of state, than applications began to be made to him for leave of absence. Like the people in the parable, one had his merchandise to attend to; and another had taken a wife, by this time in an interesting condition, and requiring his attendance at home; and a third was under a vow to be at St Katherine's Docks by noon; so that a too good-natured chairman might have found himself without a sufficient quorum wherewith to carry on the business of the day.

In the first two or three cases, matters were made easy for us by the attendance of the solicitors for the prosecution, who knew exactly what questions bore upon the matter in hand, and put them as concisely as possible. But when these gentlemen of the law retired, and we were left to ourselves, the unfortunate ship, Grand Jury, not being A1 in undertakings of this nature, lay, as it were, a log upon the judicial waters, beaten hither and thither by every wave of testimony. Beside this, there was mutiny on board, for one of the twenty-three laboured under the mistaken impression that he had a talent for cross-examination, and made whatever was in itself irrelevant doubly foreign to the subject, by his curious inquiries; he would not only drink in all that the most voluminous witness had to tell us, but rendered the narrative still more

impertinent by questions about his aunt and his mother-in-law; so that the rest of us had to refer to the calendar again and again, to remind us of the nature of that criminal charge from which we had strayed so far. I never was in the company of any gentleman who so strikingly reminded me of the philosopher Socrates, for tedious and microscopic inquiry, although in other respects, perhaps, the parallel was not so complete.

Then there was the too-scrupulous jurymen, who, after everybody else was satisfied, begged (with the permission of the chair) 'to put one question of great importance, which at present had escaped consideration, he believed—namely, had the witness been sworn?'—which, of course, he had. It would have been physically impossible for any fellow-creature to have entered that room upon any pretence whatever, and *not* to have been sworn. There was every convenience for taking testimony you can possibly imagine, for Christians, Jews, and even Turks; and when a Parsee came before us upon one occasion, the usher apologised, almost with tears in his eyes, that there was no instrument at hand (although I did suggest a camera) which would be obligatory upon the conscience of a sun-worshipper. However, he had something in his own pocket that *looked* like a washing-book, and had no cover, but which he protested was binding; and I hope it was.

And while speaking of the unorthodox, let me ask one question, an answer to which would greatly oblige the present writer: How is it that the business of the Old Bailey is monopolised almost entirely by persons of the Hebrew faith? Was the old court ever a synagogue, and borrowed by the crown for the administration of justice, upon the condition that half its officers, half its counsel, half its attorneys, and half its prisoners, should be members of the Jewish Church? I can certify that at least half its witnesses were of that persuasion, on the occasion which I have in my mind. Any gentleman of a dark complexion, and who happened to have a cold in his head, was pretty certain to be presented with the Hebrew Bible, upon his appearance in our witness-box; and thus it was that the incumbent of a certain West-end church was sworn before us with his hat on,* in spite of his white tie, and protestations that he was a clergyman of the Church of England.

On each of the two occasions when I have had the honour to serve upon the Grand Jury at the Old Bailey, the calendar has been a very heavy one, and we examined between four and five hundred witnesses. These, of course, were of all nations, creeds, and languages, and of almost every position in the scale of social life; their characters, too, were as various as their pursuits: the glib and the hesitating; the exaggerating and the cautious; the honest and the false. It was a perfect microcosm of man (and woman) kind. The most painful to listen to, except those who were manifestly perjuring themselves, were the stammerers, whose unfortunate defect was greatly increased by the nervousness consequent upon their position. There was one poor fellow, the prosecutor, if I remember right, in some Mint case, who was absolutely unable to tell us his story

* Members of the Jewish persuasion are sworn with their heads covered.

because it was all about bad Change—a word that seemed to be composed of from forty to fifty syllables. A far more troublesome sort of witness, however, and one by no means deserving of pity, was the Episodical Female. I don't know what else to call a lady, who, having a plain statement to make, declines to do so, under either compulsion or persuasion, but becomes voluminous to the last degree about matters which are totally extraneous. This *genus* has a faculty peculiar to it, and the cuttle-fish only, of concealment by mist of its own raising. Word upon word, sentence upon sentence, story upon story arise like dust-storms, and subside in nothing whatever. It is most curious and interesting to watch this unfortunate creature twisting her rope of sand.

'It was the 13th, no, it was the 14th, yes, unless I am much mistaken, it was the 14th of March 1855, leastways, gentlemen, you will understand it was 1855, begging your pardons; and we was a-moving, you see, because of the children, which was eleven, and another coming, and the cart was at the door. Then, says he, coming up with his arm in a sling, and as nice a-looking and honest a young man, that I will say—but fine feathers makes fine birds, and is but skin-deep—and shall I help you, says he; yes, says I, leastways if tuppence is any object, and besides, my husband, says I, who is in the sewerage, gentlemen, and a hinspector, which he may get you thirty-five shillings a week, young man, or forty, if you conduct yourself respectable, and quite enough to marry and set up house for yourself'—

'I beg your pardon, madam,' observed the chair-man, 'but if you could make this story a little shorter. Now, with respect to the cap which he is said to have stolen from your house during this removal of your goods, as I suppose.'

'Not as I am aware on,' remarks the Episodical Female, drawing herself up, and speaking in an offended tone. 'Evin forbid as I should detract from a young man's character, being on my oath, and swore. What I says is this; Maria, says I, how did you know the shutters of the back-parlour was unfastened; Mary-Jane, which is my name, as I generally goes by, having been christened Elizabeth, but there was another in the same family, which made it awkward, I see his 'ed and his 'and.'

Foreman, despairingly: 'Who is Maria?'

'She is my husband's step-daughter, gentlemen, by his first marriage; and a useful steady girl, though I says it as shouldn't say it, though she ain't no blood-relation either exactly. There's a young man down at Croydon, gentlemen, in the hardware line'—

'My good woman, we cannot stand this. Answer me this plain question: Did this Maria see the prisoner steal the cap?'

'His 'ed and his 'and, sir, which had warts upon them, and rubbin' them hard with a weddin' ring, and singin' a verse or two:

Warts is here and warts is there'—

Foreman, sinking low in his chair, and speaking with anguish: 'We don't care whether he had warts or not. Pray tell us this, only this: Where was the stolen property found?'

Witness, with a great effort, not to be episodical: 'At No. 4, sir.'

'Ah, that was the prisoner's place of residence, was it?'

'O dear, no, sir; leastways, I can speak to the last fourteen years, ay, and fifteen, come next summer, which it's April at this present, and we was bound to whitewash one in seven, and repaper twice, except the outbuilding'—

'Ah, then No. 4 was the house to which you were removing, was it?'

'O dear, no, sir, and gentlemen, quite the contrary, we was a-moving, you see, because of No. 12, which was a-coming, saving your presence'—

'Stop, stop. Who did No. 4—the house—belong to? Do, pray, tell us that? Who owned the house where the stolen property was found?'

'A lady, sir, of the highest respectability, which her uncle is on the Board of Guardians'—

'Now, listen to me. Is this lady outside? Is she a witness in the case? Can we get at her?'

'O dear, no, sir, and gentlemen; she's at her villa residence, at Barking in Essex, but may be telegraphed for at a moment's notice; and so on, *ad infinitum*, until we call in the aid of the police. It is the policeman who makes all matters clear to us. His testimony may be prejudiced, but he at least knows how to give it intelligibly. Yet he, too, like all other witnesses of humble rank, is given to use the most grandiloquent language he can lay his tongue to. He 'takes an observation' of 'a certain establishment,' and 'from information received' (unless he has gone thither 'permissicious'), is so fortunate as to catch the prisoner in the act of 'tendering false coin,' or, in other words, passing a bad shilling at a pot-house. All the female witnesses in such cases are barmaids, gorgeously attired daughters of Israel, who wear the spoils of the Egyptians in their ears; and they are not nervous, and it is quite a treat to hear them. Some witnesses can't hear us. One who is employed in a powder-mill has lost his sense of hearing through explosions (as I suppose), and we can make nothing of him at all. The too-scrupulous jurymen even suggests that he has never heard the administration of the oath; and, indeed, it turns out that he had imagined he was being asked whether he had any lucifer-matches in his pocket, which is the one great question put to persons of his profession upon entering any apartment.

There is one outlandish person (in an Admiralty case) who can express himself in no language known to the grand jury, so an interpreter is introduced, who, taking snuff and speaking through his nose, is equally unintelligible. The too-scrupulous jurymen, over-elated by his success with the deaf gentleman, screams very loud at the outlandish witness, and is surprised that nothing comes of it.

It is very remarkable upon what easy terms people, and of business habits too, seem to part with their property to persons of whom they know absolutely nothing, and who turn out to be thieves. This probably arises from excessive competition, which disinclines everybody, from a banker to a rag-dealer, to lose a chance of extending his connection. In robberies from the person, however, there is another explanation of this phenomenon. The prosecutor is almost always described as 'not drunk'—no, not to say drunk; he know'd what he was about very well; he was what you would call, sir, [addressing the Foreman] 'arf-an-arf, you know.'

All this is the ludicrous side of that highly-coloured, many-figured picture which human life presents to the jurymen; but the obverse is a very sad and serious one. Therein not only does Crime

stand gigantesque in the foreground, naked, and not ashamed, but all the Vices throng around him: Avarice clutching its ill-gotten store so tightly, that murder only can unloose the stiffened fingers, and Jealousy with eager eyes impatient for revenge upon her rival, although she herself must share the punishment. These accessories are even worse than That which they surround, and out of which they gradually emerge, unexpected, abject, loathsome.

There are horrors enough of the material sort, of course: forged documents, over which the fingers may have hesitated ere they wrote their fatal falsehood; stray slips of paper, which the knave and fool in one omitted to destroy, but whereon he has striven to imitate, a score of times, another's handwriting, that he may commit the fraud secure; tools of strange shape, unknown to honest hands, the evidences of an ingenuity perverse, which might have easily procured Competence for its possessor, and all that springs from it, and sweet Content—a home, a wife, true friends, in place of tawdry joys and traitorous companions, and the shuddering sense of the hair-suspended sword of the Law. Nay, there were knives clotted with the blood of murdered men, and bludgeons with gray hair stuck fast to them, and bottles with a little poisonous stuff still left at the bottom, from which men unknowingly had drunk to Death. But none of these things were half so sad—or so it seemed to me—as the apathy with which Father gave evidence against Son, and Son against Father, and Sister against Brother, and Wife, or she who had supposed herself to be so, against the man whom she had held to be her Husband for long years. And truly was I glad at heart when our business at the Old Bailey was over, and I had inquired, presented, done, and executed all and singular those things which I had been then and there enjoined as a Grand Jurymen.

THE FIRST AGRICULTURAL SHOW OF BENGAL.

It may interest some of the readers of *Chambers's Journal* to have an account of the proceedings in connection with the first cattle-show of an imperial character, in this great dependency of the British crown. At home, such meetings are common; every county, or district, has its meeting and competition. The best specimens of produce are sought, the rarest breeds of cattle introduced, the most efficient implements of husbandry are brought into notice, and every one seems to put his shoulder to the wheel of national progress and improvement. The result has been to give a vast increase to the productiveness of the soil, and to render less precarious the gathering of the good gifts of a bountiful Providence.

But it is not in every country that such meetings are possible. England is especially favourable to them, because the freedom of her institutions gives to her people a spirit of self-reliance, and creates that spirit of emulation, which renders defeat only the precursor of increased effort, and final success. We might look in vain to the older nations of the earth for similar examples; and perhaps we should look most hopelessly of all to the people of India, for any step in advance beyond the pale of old habits and ideas.

There are now, however, in India many Englishmen of enlarged and liberal views, who would be glad to see a revival of civilisation amongst the ancient nations. Regarding this country with the eyes of Englishmen, they see with regret that the people live on from age to age without a thought of improvement. Lands naturally good are left to run to waste, and the cattle decline and degenerate under ill-usage, unsuitable food, and want of care. Occupying the position of governors of provinces, commissioners of districts, magistrates and collectors, these gentlemen have seen the neglect and indifference which characterise the natives, and they have endeavoured to devise a remedy.

Several gentlemen claim the merit of originating the idea of the Bengal Agricultural Show, and adduce extracts from their official correspondence some years ago, as pointing out deficiencies, and making suggestions. It is not our intention to enter into the merits of such claims and contentions. The idea undoubtedly occurred to more than one mind. But the mere occurrence of an idea is a different thing from the realisation of it. The idea might exist in many minds, and yet not one of them see the means of bringing it to a practical issue.

The merit of putting the train in working-order undoubtedly belongs to His Honour the Lieutenant-governor. In a conversation he had with Mr John Stalkart, the latter gentleman said, that, in his opinion, the cattle of Bengal were undergoing such deterioration, as, if continued, must eventually incapacitate them from the performance of the duties they now fulfilled; and he thought some steps should be taken to draw attention to the matter, and to improve the breed of cattle. His Honour said he was willing to do whatever he could, and at once placed the grounds of his house at the service of any gentleman or committee who would work out the idea. In England, such a thing only needs to be suggested, and it is at once done by what is called the 'public spirit.' But here, there is no such thing as public spirit. From long ages of oppression and misrule, such a thing cannot, if it ever did, exist; and though the government tries to evoke it now, in accordance with the enlightened ideas of British rule, it does not meet with a ready response. It was soon found, that if any movement was to be made at all, government must make it. Accordingly, a grant was made of fifty thousand rupees, as a sort of guarantee fund, for it was not expected that a first attempt would be self-supporting, as such things are at home.

To bring the whole subject before the native community, committees were formed in most of the provinces and districts, the commissioners, magistrates, planters, and others giving their services, and many of them offering special prizes applicable to the produce of their respective districts. Circulars in the various native dialects were distributed, and every effort made to interest the native community, and with very fair success.

Meanwhile, some of the agricultural implement-makers of England were communicated with, and with great spirit sent out specimens of their machinery. There was a numerous and influential committee in Calcutta; the management of the show-yard was left to Mr Dowleams; Mr Crauford taking the duties of secretary. Under the

most favourable circumstances, these duties are often sufficiently disagreeable; and with want of mechanics, engineers, and skilled labourers, and difficulty of communicating new ideas to ignorant men in a barbarous jargon, Mr Dowleane had a most arduous task.

The time for holding such exhibitions in India is necessarily the 'cold season;' and as this is so short, there is no possibility of postponement. As the time of opening (January 18) approached, it became evident that the machinery, &c., could not be exhibited to advantage; still there was no chance of delay. Though the season was 'cold,' it was something like walking about under the scorching sun of July in England, and became warmer every day. There is one advantage about the weather here—it is very trustworthy. People knew it would be fair, though it might be warm.

The machinery was similar to that seen at every show at home: Ransome and Sims, Barrett and Exall, Howard, Clayton and Shuttleworth, are agricultural household words, and require no comment to indicate the class of goods sent for exhibition. Machines for raising water, very useful for draining and irrigation purposes, were shewn in great abundance and variety; but they were not shewn to the best advantage. They were shewn 'in motion,' but not at 'work.' It would have been better to have had all the practical part of water-raising done by these machines, whereas the boilers were supplied by an ordinary fire-engine, somewhat lazily plied by a lot of natives. The machinery department was in arrear during the whole of the week it was intended that the exhibition should remain open; but it was afterwards determined to keep it open to the end of the month, as so great an interest was manifested in the machinery by the native visitors. Much of it they unfortunately could not understand, because it was not at work. Even so simple an implement as a chaff-cutter puzzled them, because they did not see its practical application. The thrashing-machine was simply a mystery, so long as it was only in motion—a thing not to be approached without fear and wonder; but when it was afterwards supplied with some rice to thrash, it was at once comprehended, and intensely admired. The brick-making machine was also very attractive, though it must be considered as a failure, so far as shewing its capabilities. This did not arise from any imperfection of the machine itself, but from the force of circumstances. The supply of 'clay' was so limited, that only about a score bricks could be produced at one starting of the machine; the clay, too, of this part of the country is not sufficiently tenacious for working in this manner, and the bricks fell in pieces as they came from the machine, not having the power of cohesion. The natives rather esteemed it a wonder that bricks should be attempted to be made by machinery, than regarded its operation as a success. The circular-saw in operation was attractive to the country people, but the driving-power was inadequate to the demands upon it. The steam-ploughs remained unnoticed upon the ground, except on the days of trial, when they were a source of attraction and wonder.

The show itself was creditable to the country. There would be no use, however, in disguising the fact, that the finest animals shewn were 'imported' stock. Still there were fine horses country-bred,

and also some splendid native cattle. There was sufficient to shew capability of a far higher class of animals than are common in Bengal; and if the same interest in breeding could be excited here as is the case in England, the results could not fail to be satisfactory. There were some very fine specimens of bulls, which would have done credit to a royal show; and sheep of a far superior class to the ordinary run of oriental flocks. The show of poultry was really fine, and also extensive. Ducks, geese, turkeys, pigeons of many varieties; fowls, some of them quite curiosities to an English visitor, who does not every day see fowls covered with hair instead of feathers, nor with their feathers 'pointing the wrong way.'

One of the least attractive portions of the exhibition was that of the department of natural produce; but though not popular, it was one of great interest to the legislator and the man of business. The teas of Assam and Cachar in all varieties; the sugars of different districts, in various stages of manufacture; rice and other cereals; seeds, oils, cotton, jute, and other fibres; silks, from the cocoon to the finished handkerchief; root-crops, and everything betokening the richness of the country, and speaking well for the capabilities of India, if the people can be made to understand their own interests. But there is a fatal indolence and indifference about the orientals, which is the most discouraging thing to the hopes of improvement. Not more devoted to the potato is Paddy, than the Bengalee to his rice; and if that is forthcoming, his cares are confined within very narrow bounds. If these exhibitions only awaken in the people a desire for improvement, they will have accomplished a great good. They have shewn the possibility of it, and it is reasonable to suppose that self-interest will have some influence in bringing about the desired change.

On the Saturday, there was a great attraction in the horticultural show. There was a fine collection of plants, fruits, flowers, vegetables, &c., both native and foreign. Many of the root-crops were very fine. The pulse was not so satisfactory. The pods of the peas were very large, but contained no corn. They might be about six inches in length, and one inch broad, but they were not more than one quarter thick, and were practically only large pods. The beans were rather better. Celery was very poor. Turnips, carrots, radishes, &c., fine, solid, and good; as also were the cabbages. Cauliflowers, potatoes, and other vegetables common in England, were also here in abundance. The English fruits were more rare; but the flowers and plants in great plenty. Whether 'absence makes the heart grow fonder,' or not, we are not prepared to say; yet, though the tent was perfumed with roses, we could fancy the roses of England were sweeter still, nay, even that the colours were richer, notwithstanding the rich painting of the oriental sunlight. Whatever doubts existed about the roses, there could be none about the dahlias; in symmetry, variety, richness of colour, and general delicacy, there was no room for comparison—the old country is pre-eminently superior. In azalias, and that class of plants, too, we felt disposed to give the preference to England. It might be that the gloomy sky of England makes her flowers the brighter by contrast; while the eastern ones pale their fire before the more brilliant orb of day in India.

In an exhibition that might be considered quite experimental, it was a wise decision to define, and even to confine, its limits. Had it been more universal in its character, it might have been less decided in its success; but by confining it to a specific character, one could better judge of the merits of the whole. The exhibition was by design, and in reality, an agricultural one. The cattle, horses, poultry, &c., the seeds, fruits, and other produce all pertained to agriculture; and a large portion of the machinery was such as might be applied more or less directly to tilling, draining, irrigating, and other operations upon the soil, or to preparing the produce for the market.

Still, some people are disappointed, because there was not also an exhibition of manufactured goods. One native was very anxious to exhibit some Cashmere shawls. 'London ke Exhibition, ham medal mila; aur ham dusra Calcutta ke exhibition ke waste mungte' (I got a medal at the London Exhibition, and I want another on account of the exhibition at Calcutta).

On being introduced to Mr Crauford, the secretary, he explained his object; but that gentleman informed him, that the exhibition being one of a purely agricultural character, his shawls would be inadmissible. However, his perseverance was at last rewarded: permission was given him not only to exhibit, but to sell; and we believe he did a fair amount of business. If the results of the present exhibition are sufficiently encouraging, there might be a more comprehensive one hereafter; and we believe neither the spirit nor the opportunity will be wanting under such circumstances. The perseverance of the would-be exhibitor was a good sign; it shews the spirit that wants calling forth in India—that feeling of interested and intelligent emulation which the Lieutenant-governor has sought to evoke.

The foregoing is a general account of the exhibition, and we have purposely omitted to mix with it any of the details of the ceremonials; but it may interest some readers to have an account or description of the proceedings, inasmuch as they were of a national character, and opened by the new viceroy, Sir John Lawrence.

In the centre of the exhibition-ground was erected a large saloon-tent, lined with yellow figured cloth on the top, but open in front and along the sides, except the part occupied by the Governor-general and suite, and the officials connected with the exhibition. The openings afforded light and ventilation, while the top was an ample protection from the sun; and the open sides also enabled the great bulk of visitors outside to see the ceremonial, though too far off to distinguish the speaking. The floor of the tent was covered with carpet—not that nature had neglected to provide her accustomed green, but that that was very dusty, and could not be beaten like one of Crossley's. At the upper end of the tent was a dais for the accommodation of the vice-regal party and the distinguished visitors. This was likewise covered, but with richer material, though there was an entire absence of what might be considered 'imposing' furniture. It was plain and business-like. The body of the saloon was filled with chairs, specially reserved for the use of the ladies.

During the time that the distinguished party were arranging themselves on the dais, there was a good opportunity of comparing the magnates there

prominent before us. The fame and expectation of the show had brought down to Calcutta nearly all the rajahs of India; and there they stood or sat around the representative of royalty, in all the barbaric splendour of the east. Some of them were apparently quite at home, while others did not know what to do, or how to comport themselves. They were full of courtesy to each other, and, in their way, quite as well-bred as English gentlemen. They looked, however, more like a number of supernumeraries at a play. They had no prominent duties to perform, while they had all the trappings and finery of important characters. Gold and jewels glittered upon them, but not in such abundance as to hide the holes in their stocking-heels.

His Honour the Lieutenant-governor distributed the prizes to the successful competitors or their representatives. To each one he made a few very appropriate remarks, either in English or the vernacular; most of the observations being received with hearty applause, as if each rejoiced in the success of the rest. The proceedings terminated about five o'clock. But, as before stated, it had been resolved to keep the exhibition open for another week, to enable the native community to learn from it whatever they might. The exhibition was well attended throughout, on the 'people's' days especially. On one day there were upwards of eighteen thousand visitors. The entire receipts would be between forty and fifty thousand rupees, which is far more than was anticipated, though not nearly enough to make the exhibition of a self-supporting character. Still, it is felt that the results fully justify the expenditure on the part of the government, as it is believed great good will be done.

It must be borne in mind that the circumstances of this country are quite different from those at home. There, every cottager will strive to excel, from the best motives; the impulse is within him. But here there is no such feeling; improvements must be almost thrust upon the people, for even their interests are scarcely a match for their prejudices; and government felt that it ought to use its knowledge for the good of the country, even if it were needful to use its money also.

There was one incident connected with the exhibition which it is right to notice. It is well known that, in eastern countries, the women are kept in something like perpetual imprisonment in their respective families; that scarcely even their most intimate relatives are permitted to see them, and their appearance in public is not to be thought of for a moment. This has long been felt as a great tyranny by many of the more enlightened Hindus; but the force of custom and prejudice is so strong, that even those who are favourable to a change, shrink from the responsibility of making it. But the exhibition seemed a point in favour of the women. The native ladies heard from their husbands such accounts of the wonders to be seen there, that one of the strongest feelings of woman—curiosity—was awakened amongst them, and they desired to see the exhibition, if by any means it could be done without scandal. Application was made by some of the native gentry to have the grounds open for one night, for the special accommodation of their ladies. This the committee at once granted, as it was moonlight, and artificial light could be had in addition. Now, here was a splendid opportunity to break in upon

the prejudices of eastern life ; but unfortunately it was not improved. The very circumstances of the case would prevent the European officials from making the necessary arrangements, and, in fact, did prevent them. They left it to the native gentlemen, who do not appear to have the faculty of organisation, and only very imperfect arrangements were made. If they had made proper arrangements, it would have given confidence to their own people. As it was, only about twenty-five native ladies ventured within the grounds. They were received by the lady of the Lieutenant-governor (who has nobly exerted herself on behalf of her own sex in India) and a few European ladies. They saw sufficient to desire a repetition. But this could not be managed. The emancipation of the women of India is indefinitely postponed.

LORD LYNN'S WIFE

CHAPTER III.—A CUB-HUNT.

'SLACKEN that curb-chain, Thomas, do you hear; two links at least. The brute's in a lather already with just coming round from the stable-yard to the front of the house. I declare I've half a mind to have him unsaddled again, the fidgety beast!' said Squire Mainwaring, as he stood, hunting-whip in hand, on the white stone steps in front of his broad hall-door, shouting out directions to the men who were bringing round the three ponies, Miss Mainwaring's bay mare, and the Squire's big brown horse with the white stockings. Mr Mainwaring was a true Squire; not by any means so rich as his neighbour, George Darcy, but born and bred among country-folks, and understanding their ways perfectly well. His sires before him had owned Stoke, with its gray house and spreading oaks, certainly not since the Conquest, but for a reasonable time—some three or four centuries. They had been respected and loved in their day, and so was the present master of Stoke, who was a good landlord and a kindly man; a large-bodied, honest-hearted gentleman, who was wretched when in London, wretched when abroad, wretched everywhere but on his own estate, where he knew every rod of ground and every human creature.

'He's only a little fresh, sir, just coming out of the stable,' observed Thomas, as, with much trouble and coaxing, he got the pony's pretty head, all flecked with foam that flew from the champed bit, into the proper position, and was able to loosen the tight curb—'only a little fresh. Miss Kate can manage him, I'm certain.'

Out came the Miss Kate alluded to, a sprightly hazel-eyed romp of thirteen, and ran down the steps as quickly as her long habit-skirt would let her. The pony was her pet, used to her visits in the stable, and accustomed to eat apples and bread and sugar from the girl's hand; and she soon managed, by patting and soft words, to reduce him to obedience and good temper. The Squire still looked doubtfully at the fiery little brown nag which he had bought early in the summer for his daughter's riding. But Kitty was his favourite child, perhaps because she teased him most, and he had not the heart to balk her of the day's promised pleasure.

They rode off, then, along the lanes, where the yellowing leaves and sere grass told of autumn; where the red haws peeped forth from the green

brier; and where the blackberries on the tangled brambles were crimson, or purple, or jetty, according as they faced the sun during the mellow September afternoons. First went the boys, ambling merrily along, and compelled to exercise much self-control that they might arrive at the meet with their steeds in good condition, as sportsmen should; for they and their father and sisters were bound to the cub-hunt, at which Aurelia, too, had declared her intention of being present. It was the first of the season, and Mr Mainwaring was glad of the chance of shaking his old friend the Master by the hand, and had much to tell and learn respecting the young bounds of that season's entry, the three litters of young foxes on his own property, and the fine dog-fox so unfairly trapped at Minching Farm.

First went the boys; and the Squire lingered behind, conversing on weighty bucolic matters with his bailiff, Hutch, who strode along beside his employer's horse, talking earnestly about the cattle bound for Warwick market. So Lucy and her younger sister rode together. Katherine was a giddy little thing, and her tongue was seldom idle, and on this occasion she chose to let it run almost entirely on her sister's affairs and prospects.

'Don't tell me,' said the little maid in her most provoking manner—'don't tell me that Cousin Hastings comes over to Stoke just to see papa, and talk stupid politics; not a bit likely, I am sure. He hardly ever used to come near us when he was at home long ago, and I was in the nursery, and you were all day in the school-room with that dreadful old Miss Mann and the tiresome old globes. Didn't you hate the globes worst of all, Lucy? But I say, dear, when you are married, won't you give us lots of nice balls at Hollingsley, and have the house full of company, and ask me over to stay for ever so long, and make such a capital croquet-ground on the lawn, and have such fun? Hastings will let you do just what you like, I'm sure.'

'Nonsense, Kitty dear,' said Lucy, colouring, and vexed with herself for doing so at the mention of that name so often in her thoughts, and so seldom on her lips. 'Mind what you are doing with that whip, Kate. Nick is dreadfully fidgety to-day, and it is not safe to make him rear and jump as you do.'

But Kate's heart was void of fear. She rather enjoyed her pony's skittishness, and to tease her elder sister was the whim of the moment; so she went on tormenting Lucy on the score of their cousin—Mrs Mainwaring had been an Honourable Miss Wyvil—their cousin Hastings, now Lord Lynn in the peerage of England, until Lucy, almost angry, insisted that no further word should be said upon the subject.

'I am vexed and hurt, Kate, that you should speak in this manner about Lord Lynn and myself. Pray, be silent; I will not hear one more word,' said the elder of Mr Mainwaring's daughters; and the reproof was a singularly austere one to come from sweet-tempered Lucy, who spoiled her younger brothers and sisters, as her parents declared, by giving way to their fancies in everything. But Lucy was serious in what she said. The subject of her cousin's presumed attachment to herself, which to flighty young Kate seemed a mere subject for jesting or castle-building, was one on which she could not endure to listen to flippant remarks.

Ever since she had known Hastings Wyvil, Captain and Lieutenant-colonel in Her Majesty's Foot Guards, she had learned to think him something better and brighter than the untravelled young squirearchy of the county. Then he came home from the Crimea, wounded, and with high praise for his gallant conduct, and nobody admired him as Lucy did, young as she was; and before his wound was well healed, he was back in the trenches, at the work of war again; and when the war was over, he travelled far and wide.

Colonel Hastings Wyvil was vaguely heard of as living under tents in the deserts of Arabia and Persia, as shooting bison on the prairies of North America, as very far up the Nile, and as very far north of everything except Laps, reindeer, and wild strawberries. But he did not come to the neighbourhood of Stoke again till he came in attendance on his father's coffin, and, as chief mourner and sole heir, laid the old man to rest among the bones of bygone Wyvils, in Hollingsley chancel. Old Lord Lynn had died abroad, and Hastings's mother and sisters still resided, and meant to reside, away from England. For several years the dowager had never set foot in her stately home of Hollingsley Court, nor ever ventured nearer to our foggy climate than Vevay or Como. She could not breathe out of Italy in winter, or so she said; and her husband, much older than herself, had consented to spend the last part of his life south of the Alps, and had only come home to be buried among his own people. Then Hastings had perforce been sent for; and during the long months that he spent in Warwickshire after his father's death, and the consequent pressure of business, he had seen a good deal of his cousins, the Mainwarings, and had been much in Lucy's society. Rumour, in the county, had two tongues, one of which had already affianced the young lord to his kinswoman, Miss Mainwaring; while the other had published the bans of marriage between Lord Lynn and Aurelia, daughter of George Darcy, *ne* Hanks.

Scarcely had Lucy spoken, before Mr Mainwaring, having finished his conference with Hutch, came up at a round trot, taking out his watch as he came.

'We must get on a little, girls, to make up for lost time,' said the Squire in his deep hearty voice. 'Time and tide wait for nobody, nor foxhounds either, Miss Kitty; so come along.' And they pushed briskly on, in comparative silence, till they reached Cold Harbour Gorse, where the hounds were waiting, a mottled patch of moving forms, among the freshly-shorn stubbles that skirted the covert. Cold Harbour Gorse, with its eleven acres of broom and furze, verging on the thick plantations of Fuller's Wood, was reckoned a sure find. Once fairly forced out into the open, Monsieur Reynard had no shelter nearer than the main earths at Cheriton.

A cub-hunt is not a very imposing affair, nor had the sport of this September morning attracted a large concourse. The amateurs were three farmers, a horse-dealer, a doctor, who knew that he was wanted at a union workhouse six miles off, and who grudged every minute's delay, two boys, under guidance of their papa's coachman, a saucy-faced, saucy-tongued knife-grinder on his donkey, bare-backed, and a dozen farm-labourers. The M. F. H. wore a dark-green coat, brown boots, and knee-

caps. The huntsman and whips were in pink, certainly, but they had donned the stained old scarlets that had been classed as No. 2 of their wardrobe the year before, and which were poor substitutes for the brilliant new cloth they would put on at the first lawn meet in the late October. Of the hounds, a good many were raw young animals, sniffing foolishly down the furrows where some belated hare had brushed the dew on her passage, and only to be kept in order by much rating and whip-cord. And the horses ridden by the staff of the hunt were young horses, that were as new to the work, and as much in need of schooling as the hounds of that season's entry, horses that were on their promotion, and had to be 'made' into hunters. It was like a theatre by daylight.

'Look, papa, here come a lot more people. Ever so many ladies—ain't it jolly!' cried Rowland Mainwaring, eagerly rising in his stirrups for a better view of the hats and feathers coming glancing up between the golden broom-plants and dark ash-trees.

'It's Miss Darcy on the chestnut, I know it is,' chimed in Richard, the younger of the two Mainwaring boys.

Richard was right. Miss Darcy it was whose fair calm face came first into view; and her companions were the Croft girls, from Holton Rectory, one on a piebald pony, one on her father's sober Roman-nosed horse, quiet to ride and drive. Mrs Flathers—who called herself on her cards Mrs Major Flathers—a bony, large-featured, soft-hearted Milesian lady, on a weedy, well-bred mare, chaperoned the party; and Robert, Mr Darcy's pad-groom, followed at a respectful distance. Mr Darcy kept a pad-groom just as he kept up a staff of watchers for his preserves, but he never hunted, and seldom even attended a meet; nor did he much care for the couple of battues to which he invited his friends, and at which he rarely appeared with any weapon more murderous than a walking-stick. But Robert's place was not quite a sinecure; he had to open gates, widen gaps, and otherwise facilitate the progress of Miss Aurelia, who liked to follow the hounds, but was averse to risks.

Squire Mainwaring (he was so used to the rustic title that it seemed his due) turned from where he was chatting with the Master—who all the time had an eye on Ravager and Rattlepate, giving tongue, with juvenile rashness, at the mouth of a rabbit-burrow—and took off his hat to Miss Darcy and her friends; and bows and civil words of salutation passed current, but still the two parties did not coalesce. The Mainwarings knew and liked the Crofts; but they did not know Mrs Flathers, who had lately come to live in a stuccoed house that some speculative builder had erected close to Holton, and whose husband was reported to be in India, and to be irregular in sending home remittances. And though they knew Aurelia Darcy, they did not like her much—that is, not very much.

But now the hounds went charging at the fence, and crashing through the brushwood; and presently the plantation and gorse covert were musical with shrill yelp and long-drawn whine, the falsetto notes of the young recruits mingling with the cracking of whips, the chiding or cheering accents of human voices, and the deep earnest yowl of the experienced foxhounds. Lord Lynn

was late in putting in an appearance; and the Master would not have given more than five minutes' law to all the peerage combined. A hoarse scream, and the words 'Gone away!' eagerly repeated from lip to lip, followed by a rush of the foot-people, and a movement on that of the horsemen, took place as Lord Lynn came cantering up; and his groom bustled forward with the fine hunter that he had been walking up and down clear of the crowd. The young man seemed to hesitate for a moment, as he returned the greeting of the Master, as to which of the two parties he should join. A glance at Aurelia, as she sat, proud and pensive, on her pretty chestnut, with its arching neck and satin skin, seemed to decide him. He hastily mounted his own horse, and leaving the hack to the care of his groom, rode smilingly up to his cousins, shook hands with Lucy and her father, nodded good-humouredly to the rest, and was turning off toward Aurelia. But Kitty's brown pony, a hot-tempered brute, up to three times her weight, and excited by the noise and stir, had begun to swerve, and plunge, and fling, and finally refused to pass through the white plantation-gate that a plough-lad was holding open for the accommodation of the company.

'Do, pray, take care of her; pray, don't leave her!' exclaimed Lucy, a great deal more alarmed for her sister's safety than Kate herself; and as Mr Mainwaring had cleared the low hedge at the further end of the copple, and was out of sight, a much less good-natured person than Lord Lynn must have stopped at that appeal. But by the time he had got the rebellious little animal fairly through the gateway, and Kate had regained the mastery over her self-willed favourite, Aurelia, following her own friends, had vanished among the yellowing leaves of the plantation.

Presently, Mr Mainwaring fell back from the side of the M. F. H.; and as he was there to take care of his daughters, and, moreover, as Nick was behaving well once more, Lord Lynn was able to press on towards where the hounds were in full-cry after a fine cub-fox that doubled and twisted, and went up and down the wind for short bursts of speed, always finishing by a bolt back to cover, as cub-foxes will do. Thus it befell that the chase, which had first promised well for a brisk run in the open, degenerated into a mere scramble through many acres of saplings and half-grown timber, that the field was scattered, and that Lord Lynn found himself alone, somewhere in Fuller's Wood, with the cry of the hounds dying away in the distance. Alone—yes; but at a hundred yards' distance, in the grass-grown ride, across which the branches of the hazels interlaced, rich with clusters of unripe green nuts, he saw a hat and waving feather, and in a moment more he was by the side of Aurelia Darcy.

'Are you lost too?' asked Aurelia, with her clear low laugh, turning in her saddle as she heard the beat of hoofs upon the sward. 'It is really too absurd,' she added. 'Jane Croft's pony could not get over the ditch, coming back from that great turnip-field where the fox was headed back, so I left Robert to shew her the way round by the meadows, and get her safely through the gaps; and Mrs Flathers chose to stop too. I thought myself very wise and courageous for striking out a path for myself; and here I am, after all.'

There she was, certainly, and very well she

looked, to Lord Lynn's fancy—not in the least flushed or dishevelled, after all the galloping; but as calm, and statuesque, and serenely fair, as if she and her admirably-trained chestnut—one of those horses, invaluable for ladies' hunting, that never make a mistake—had not brushed through overhanging boughs and crackling brushwood. How coolly she took it, too, that fact of being lost. There was nothing affected or missyish about her, Lord Lynn thought.

'There—I heard the hounds again for a moment,' said Aurelia, bending her stately head to listen; 'perhaps, if we go to the left, we may fall in with them yet.'

But when they emerged from the wood, it was upon a wild stretch of common that they found themselves, where nothing intersected the spare turf and straggling furze-clumps except the half-obliterated tracks of cart-wheels—tracks made the winter before, and more than half-filled up with grass and dead leaves. Not so much as a cheer or the yelp of a hound could be heard; the chase was out of sight and hearing; however, Lord Lynn imagined that some distant landmarks—a mill and a group of plummy black firs close beneath it—were not unknown to him. Aurelia had no recollection of them, but she was content to take the fact of their whereabouts upon trust.

'You must be my guide, after all,' she said quietly; but her rich voice was full of music, and her queenly simplicity of manner was dangerously fascinating. Lord Lynn could not restrain himself from uttering some words, high flown, but more than half serious, as to the happiness which it would be to him to be her guide always, through life, in fact; and as the young man's heart warmed at the sound of his own words, a direct avowal of attachment seemed trembling on his lips, when up clattered the two Mainwaring boys, very muddy, a good deal scratched by brambles, but detestably exultant and communicative with regard to their own prowess. It was a trial, a great trial for Aurelia's patience just then, when the best-looking bachelor in Warwickshire had been within an ace of offering her a coronet and fourteen thousand a year, to have to listen smilingly to the boasts of those boys: how Rowland's pony had rolled over with him in three wet ditches; how Richard's had been down twice on ploughed land, had cleared a hurdle, and crushed through a bullfinch as black as his hat, and so forth. But though the white hand in the pretty gauntlet was clenched upon the gold-mounted whip, Aurelia behaved beautifully, and betrayed no vexation in look or tone.

Then up came Robert the groom on his foaming horse, having ridden hard and boldly in search of his young mistress; and as Robert knew the country well, he pointed out the right way, and the cavalcade left the common by a deep lane between glistening holly hedges. Aurelia rode beside Lord Lynn, but they did not talk much; the broken thread of their late conversation was not one easy to piece together, as matters stood. The boys hung back, bragging to Robert of the perils they had faced; and their loud voices and laughter, with the tramp of the horses, reached the ears of a wayworn, poorly-clad traveller, who lay resting half asleep among the brown fern of the bank. The traveller scrambled up the bank and crouched there, hidden by the tangled growth above; and Aurelia did not see the pale haggard face—a face

to haunt a sleeper's dreams—that watched her as she rode past, stealthily, but with something of a wild-beast fury in the eyes. But nobody saw the face, and Aurelia rode on, with a heart that beat somewhat quicker than usual, by Lord Lynn's side. When they got to Kinghorn Bridge, where two roads meet, they found a group of riderless horses, and a number of persons on foot and horseback, collected round the blacksmith's forge.

'An accident has happened to one of the young ladies out with the hounds to-day,' said a farmer in answer to Lord Lynn; 'one of Squire Mainwaring's daughters, I believe it is, that was thrown. Anyhow, they've gone for the doctor, and she's lying on the bed inside here, very badly hurt indeed.'

CHAPTER IV.—A HAPPY HIT.

It was poor Kitty Mainwaring. She had been thrown at last by her four-footed pet, Nick; indeed, the vicious pony had reared madly up against the curb, and fallen back upon her. It was a mercy, people said, that she was not killed; but she was much hurt, and they did not know how much, for there was no surgeon at hand. Mr Barker had started for his appointment at the workhouse long ago, and a whipper-in had been sent to try and overtake him; another rider had gone off at speed to Patcham Cross Roads for Mr Killick. So there Kitty lay, in the bed in the room up stairs, with her muddy and torn habit streaming across the patchwork counterpane, and her loosened hair flowing dark over the white pillow, and her poor little hat all crushed and broken, still hanging by a tress of hair. She had been faint at first, and was in much pain now, but she bore it with that quiet courage of passive endurance, in which girls often surpass their brothers. Her big, soft-hearted father was half distracted; he was one of those men whose very pity for a loved sufferer seems to unnerve them, and he stood beside the bed with one of Kate's little hands between his own muscular ones, his grief and alarm bursting out now and then into a sob, such as only a strong man in sorrow can give, and such as is more impressive than the loudest wailing. The Squire blamed himself. He ought to have known better than to have let Kate ride that dangerous brute; it was all his fault. If she died—if Kitty died—he should have murdered his child, so he felt; and how could he face her mother—he should never hold up his head again. What could he do? What could he do? Would those doctors never come! He would go himself; but he could not leave Kitty.

The Squire, though a fond father, was a bad nurse, but Lucy was tender and helpful too. It was Lucy who had sprung from her own horse without help, for the first time in her life, and, with total disregard of danger, though by no means a heroine in general, had dragged Kitty clear of the frightened, floundering animal that had caused the mischief. It was on Lucy's shoulder that her sister's head had rested in the first few minutes of half-incredulous panic, while means were being sought to construct a rude hand-litter of a hurdle strewed with branches; and it was Lucy who now bent over the poor child, tenderly washing away the blood from the shallow cut that a sharp flint had made on her left temple, and arranging the

pillow under her head, and she lay with her bright little face pinched and wan with pain.

'My poor Kitty, my poor dear Kate, and I that was so harsh to you too!' said Lucy, with self-upbraidings for the unkindness with which, as she considered, she had received her thoughtless young sister's blithe talk, hours ago.

'It served me right, Lucy, and I love you,' said Kitty faintly. 'Is that papa that's so sorry? Don't let him, Lucy. I don't mind it much.'

But it was evident that the girl was in very great pain. 'It's my shoulder—my shoulder is the worst,' was all she could say, in a weak voice, as Lucy moistened her lips, and tried to get her to swallow a few drops of brandy, but could not.

Such was the sight of which Lord Lynn and Aurelia Darcy got a glimpse, through the crowded doorway. Lord Lynn was fond of his young cousin, of all his cousins, and he was much shocked, and would have ridden willingly to the world's end for help, but all assured him that Mr Barker or Mr Killick must soon arrive. He got little more than a glance at Lucy's face, so transfigured by pure pity and loving care, that he thought she had never before looked so beautiful. She was not beautiful generally, only pretty, a modest, honest-hearted English girl, with truthful brown eyes. But the room was cleared of most of the bystanders, at Lucy's entreaty, that Kitty might have more air. And Lord Lynn looked at Aurelia, who was beautiful, royally beautiful, and for a moment he doubted which of those two women would in very truth be the better wife for one who prized honour and tenderness as he did. Yet Aurelia behaved very well—very well; she made no parade of sympathy or sorrow, or even of that impressibility which makes many of us prone to weep when others are in grief. Such a demonstration would have been out of tune with her character, and she was not likely to commit a solecism. But the few questions she asked were grave and sensible, as well as kind; and the few words of gentle regret which she uttered were spoken with an unobtrusive hopefulness that won her the good-will of those around. Then she slipped away, and at the door of the forge beckoned to Robert, and said something to him in a low tone. Robert remounted, and went spurring off at a pace that would hardly have pleased Mr Darcy, who was querulously particular about his horses.

A long time passed—really a long time when counted by minutes and hours, but an intolerable, weary time to those about the sufferer's bed. Several of the bystanders had dropped off, but curiosity had attracted others. Still, no doctor arrived.

At last there was a roll of wheels and the quick tread of a horse, and Mr Killick came tearing up in his high gig, as fast as the big raw-boned gray could go. Almost every one was glad that he, and not his rival, Mr Barker, was the first to reach the spot. There was hope in the very sound of his honest voice, hope in his bluff homely face; he had been a surgeon in the navy, when the navy was a rougher school than now, and he was a rugged, though a kind and a skilful healer. He flung the reins to a volunteer, jumped out, hurried up stairs, and cleared the room of all but the two or three who had a right to be there. His report was satisfactory in its way.

'Scratch on the temple—nothing. Arm badly

bruised—young flesh soon recovers that. Thumb sprained—painful, but a trifle. Shoulder—ah, you've let the muscles stiffen. You didn't know it was dislocated, then? So much the worse. We shall have a strong pull and a long pull to slip the bone back into the socket. But don't be frightened, my dear. I won't hurt you, if I can help it!

The surgeon was right. Kitty's shoulder was dislocated, and the muscles had had time to become rigid, making what might have been the affair of a moment a very serious task, in which no slight force and leverage were required to overcome the resistance. It was done at last, and without one needless pang to the patient, for the ex-naval surgeon was as tender of heart as he was rough in speech. But the Squire's heart bled for the necessary pain which his daughter endured, and it was almost a relief when Kitty fainted for the second time.

'And now to get her home, as smoothly and as fast as you can. She must keep her bed for a few days, and I may as well call and see her this evening; but rest and good nursing are better for her than drugs. I'll tell the coachman to drive slowly, and to keep to the main road; the ruts in those sandy lanes would torture her, poor thing. Where's the carriage?'

Where, indeed? Mr Killick's question only stung the Squire into blaming himself afresh for his stupidity. He had been so busy thinking of Kitty's pain and possible danger, that he had made no provision for transporting her home. Carts and gigs were out of the question; yet there was nothing on springs and four wheels within miles. More delay must ensue, while a messenger rode to Stoke; and Mrs Mainwaring would receive an exaggerated account of the mischief done into the bargain.

As the Squire was groaning over this fresh blunder, up dashed an open barouche, and drew up at the door of the blacksmith's house. The horses were in a lather of heat and foam; the carriage, admirably built, was easily hung on delicate springs, and it was well stored with cushions, pillows, shawls, all sorts of paraphernalia, hastily impressed into the service. The Darcy arms were on the panels. Aurelia came gliding into the room again.

'I am so glad they lost no time,' she said. 'James is a very careful, good coachman, and I am sure he will take great pains, now, to get poor Miss Kate home safely.'

Lucy looked joyfully up. 'Did you send for your own carriage—for Kitty? How good of you.'

They brought the poor girl very tenderly down the stairs, and placed her in the carriage, with her head resting on Lucy's shoulder, and Lucy's patient arm round her. But before the Squire got into the carriage, he took Aurelia's hand and kissed it, and his eyes were not dry.

'God in heaven bless you; you are an angel!' said Mr Mainwaring with all his heart, and with a conscience that smote him as he remembered that he had had but a poor opinion of this girl—so thoughtful and simply kind. The carriage drove off. Lord Lynn looked admiringly at Aurelia. She had a heart, he thought, as well as more brains than fall to the lot of most of her sex. Mrs Flathers having resumed her chaperonship, he had little opportunity of speaking to Miss Darcy alone, but the lingering pressure of his hand and the

whispered 'Good-bye, Aurelia!' were expressive enough. He had never before called her by that name.

Aurelia's reflections, as she rode home, were pleasant ones. She had played her cards well. That was a happy hit about the carriage—a very good idea indeed.

APPLES OF GOLD.

DURING the months of winter and spring, when our gardens and orchards have ceased to bear, and when the only home-grown contributions to the dessert are apples and nuts, with a few hot-house productions, we receive from more genial climes a most timely and abundant supply of a delicious fruit, the brilliant hue and smooth globular form of which remind one of the golden apples of the Hesperides. So closely, indeed, does the colour of the orange resemble that of the most precious of metals, in all its variety of shades, from the dull red to the bright yellow, that it was once supposed that the *Aurea Mala* (Apples of Gold) of the Romans were specimens of this fruit. Even Gibbon lends the countenance of his scholarship to this idea. It has now, however, been placed almost beyond doubt that the orange was unknown to the ancient peoples of Europe. Its native country lay beyond the range of their commerce and navigation. There is more probability in the supposition, that the orange, or at least the citron, was the forbidden fruit of the garden of Eden. One species is known in France to this day as the *Pomme d'Adam* (Adam's Apple). The usual story is, that the orange was introduced from the east by the Portuguese as late as the sixteenth century; and it is said that the gardens of the Count St Laurent at Lisbon contained, within the memory of living man, the first tree of the kind which was ever planted in European soil. Recent researches would seem to prove that the orange was another of the many valuable gifts which Spain owed to the Arabs; that its cultivation was established at Seville towards the end of the twelfth century; and that it was grown at Palermo, and probably Rome, in the thirteenth. An old account-book, of date 1333, has been discovered in Dauphiné, in which mention is made of a sum of money being paid for the transplantation of orange-trees. The introduction of this fruit has also been attributed to the Venetians and Genoese; and there can be no question that at anyrate they helped to disseminate it. This is certain, that the first home of the *Citrus* family was in India and China, and that it now flourishes in Spain, Portugal, France, Italy, the Azores, South America, the East and West Indies, Australia, and Cape of Good Hope. It is clear, therefore, that acclimation, of which we now hear so much, is only an old process with a new name.

The citrus is represented by about a hundred and sixty different varieties. The ordinary classification gives eighty species to the orange, both bitter and sweet, forty-six to the lemon, seventeen to the citron, eight to the lime, six to the shaddock, and five to the bergamot. An interesting peculiarity of this family, which has furnished many a simile to the poets, is, that they are vigorous enough to bear flower and fruit together on one rich branch. One of Uhland's prettiest poems, which has been translated by Thackeray, is on this theme. It is called the

Chaplet, and symbolises the successive phases of woman's life, under the leafing, budding, blossoming, and fruiting of an orange wreath :

Yet still the withered wreath she wore ;
She wore it at her dying hour ;
When lo ! the wondrous garland bore
Both leaf and fruit and flower.

The orange is tolerably hardy, and can endure a considerable range of temperature. A native of the tropics, it has proved equally at home in the temperate Azores, and has taken kindly root not only in France but in England. It is said that in some parts of Devonshire, orange-trees exist, which have in the open air successfully withstood the chill blasts of more than a hundred winters. In exposed situations, however, such as the Azores, where the sea-breezes are sometimes very violent, each plantation requires to be shielded by walls fifteen or twenty feet high and thick hedges. Every young shoot is reared in a sort of well, surrounded by shrubs, until it grows strong enough to resist the wind, and then the circle of bushes is removed. In time the tree spreads out with the majestic luxuriance of a chestnut. It is usually seven years before it puts forth a single fruit, and then for several years longer it yields only a half-crop. When in full bearing, however, a St Michael tree will produce annually from twelve to sixteen thousand oranges, and one case is on record where twenty-six thousand were gathered in a year from a single tree. The Porto and Seville trees are less in size and not so prolific. Eight thousand oranges is deemed an average yield for one of them. 'Nothing,' says a traveller in the Azores, 'can exceed the rich luxuriance of these Hesperian gardens during the principal fruit-months—namely, from November to March, when the emerald tints of the unripe, and the golden hue of the mature fruit, mingle their beauties with the thick dark-foliage of the trees, and when the bright odoriferous blossom diffuses a sweetness through the surrounding neighbourhood which is quite delicious.' Although by November some of the fruit is ready to be gathered for the London market, which is always eagerly impatient for early arrivals, it is seldom quite ripe until the end of the year; indeed, the natives never think of eating them before January.

Occasionally, the orange-tree attains an enormous size and an advanced age; in some instances, the base of the stem has been seven feet in circumference. An orange-tree is quite lovely, and, so to speak, in full possession of all its faculties, when a hundred years old; indeed, experience has shewn that it not only produces abundantly at that age, but that its fruit is then better than that of the younger ones, for the rind is thinner, and there are fewer pips. At Versailles, there is an orange-tree between four and five hundred years old. It was contemporary with Francis I., and formed part of the confiscated property of the Constable of Bourbon, whence it is called *Le Grand Bourbon*. It was raised from five seeds sown in 1421 by Leonora of Castile, wife of Charles III., king of Navarre. Its aged branches are now supported by iron rings.

Nowhere are oranges of more importance than in the Azores. These islands live on them, both directly as food, and indirectly as a profitable industry. Just as in other parts of the world a

man's wealth is reckoned by the number of sheep, cattle, or horses which he can call his own, so here the orange-tree forms the unit of value. You do not say, such a one is worth so many thousand pounds, but that he has a *quinta* containing so many trees. High and low, rich and poor alike, derive their incomes from oranges. Whether it be for good or evil, the population are certainly not 'divorced from the soil' in the Azores, for while the great proprietor has his thousand or fifteen hundred stems, the peasant rejoices in the 'orange tints that gild the greenest bough' upon his own dozen or half-dozen trees. During the years when the orange-trees are yielding no fruit, maize or beans are grown between their ranks, but seldom afterwards, unless the owner be very poor or very greedy. The islanders devote their whole time, thought, and energies to the cultivation of the orange, and watch over the trees with great care and anxiety, to preserve them from the violence of the elements, or the ravages of that destructive insect, the coccus. The crop is generally bought by the merchant before it has reached maturity, and there are professional valuers who have attained great precision in calculating the produce of each tree. After the bargain is made, however, the weather or the insects may play sad havoc with the quinta, and cause heavy loss to the purchaser. The well-known St Michael oranges, so much esteemed in this country, come from the largest of the Azores, which, upon an area of two hundred and twenty-nine miles, yields annually oranges to the value of about ninety thousand pounds, and to the number of nearly three hundred millions. A seventh of this quantity is usually consumed by the inhabitants; the rest is exported.

In this country, oranges were first known towards the end of Henry VIII.'s reign. In James I.'s time, the orange-women, if we may trust Ben Jonson, were on a par in point of noisiness with the fish-fags of to-day. In the dissolute days of the Restoration, the fruit used to be sold at the theatres. The orange-girls, with their cry of 'Choose a paper of oranges,' were, as the reader of Pepys does not need to be reminded, an institution of the period, and must not be confounded with the ragged Irish lasses who now ply the same vocation in the streets. Nell Gwynn was one of the sisterhood. The 'swells,' who sat on each side of the stage, chaffed the orange-girls between the acts, or offered some of the fruit to any of their lady-friends in the audience, or among the *corps dramatique*. As navigation and commerce expanded, the supply of oranges became more abundant, and the consumption of them, of course, more popular. A vast extension of the trade has taken place of recent years. This has been partly due to the improved means of conveyance, but mainly to the withdrawal of the duty. For a long time half-a-crown per box was levied by the Custom-house. In 1853, the charge was reduced to eightpence; and in 1861, it was abolished altogether. Some difficulty has been thrown in the way of comparison through the import of oranges, which used to be computed by boxes, being now measured by bushels. Speaking roughly, however, we may say that the average annual import in the five years ending with 1850, was about three hundred millions. During the five years ending 1860, it was between six and seven hundred millions. More than a third of this supply finds its way to London. Half of it is

derived from the Azores, a fifth from Portugal, and the rest from Spain, Sicily, and elsewhere. The value of the fruit imported now reaches nearly six hundred thousand pounds sterling a year, and gives employment, it is calculated, in picking, packing, shipping, and selling, to more than twelve thousand persons throughout the country. Fully two hundred clipper-steamers are engaged from November to May in conveying the fruit from the Azores to London, Liverpool, Bristol, and other English ports.

The wholesale orange-trade of the metropolis—one might almost say of the country—is located in the narrow and somewhat steep streets between Pudding Lane (memorable, according to tradition, as the point in connection with the Great Fire) and the Coal Exchange, which run up from Thames Street to Tower Street. In the season, the tall dingy warehouses of this region appear overflowing with the golden fruit. There it is in bursting boxes, in swollen sacks, in loose heaps. Porters are continually passing up and down, staggering under loads of oranges. Huge vans are being emptied of or packed with oranges. In dark shops and counting-houses on the ground-floor, into which a faint light is thrown by the aid of tin reflectors, expert dealers are classifying oranges, as fast as they can pick them out of the boxes, just rolling them deftly between finger and thumb, and chucking them at once into the bin which denotes their value. In bare, dusty salerooms, a motley throng of middle-men and retailers are shrieking responses to the appeals of sharp but unimpassioned auctioneers, who are offering oranges for sale—the Jewish element is rather conspicuous amongst the company, and the national excitability seems to be rather contagious. In Pudding Lane, three or four orange-auctions often take place on the same day, within a few minutes of each other; and as they are quickly over, the crowd of buyers hurry from one to another, until their wants or the supplies are exhausted.

As has been said, more than a third of the total import of oranges is disposed of wholesale in London; and of that, fully a fourth is retailed by itinerant vendors. Probably forty thousand pounds a year is spent in the streets in the purchase of this fruit. The Jews enjoy almost a monopoly of the trade with the costermongers; and their chief market is in Duke's Street, Houndsditch, and the large square adjoining, called St James's Place. Here the children of Israel have established a numerous colony. Even if Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob were not written up over the doorways; even if there were not a large synagogue at hand, a certificated butcher at the corner of one street, who supplies meat slaughtered in accordance with the Levitical law; and a fish-dealer at the corner of another, who sells fish cooked in oil, after a fashion peculiar to the chosen people—one could have no difficulty in recognising the nationality of the inhabitants of this strange quarter, which is neither so filthy nor so picturesque as the Judengasse of Frankfort, but is quite as characteristic. We have, in a modified form, the same combination of prosperity and squalor, gorgeousness and dirt. Such dingy, rickety, tumble-down houses—such ruinous dismantled shops, are not to be seen elsewhere, even in the lowest back-slums of the metropolis. But if you get a peep into any of the private chambers of these houses, you will find a marked contrast

between exterior and interior; you will find them fitted up in a loose, untidy way, with glaring carpets and curtains of rich material, grand gilt clocks, mirrors, and other showy ornaments. As for the people themselves, the men with yellow wizened faces, keen hungry looks, and greasy old garments, they look much below the sturdy costers, with their moleskins and 'belchers,' in the scale of poverty; yet they are, many of them, wealthy men, with a comfortable balance at their bankers, and perhaps two or three heavy chests of miscellaneous bullion aloft in the crumbling, mildewed garret. It is in the adornment of their women that the Jews, like the Greeks, indulge their innate love of splendour; and here we have Rachels and Rebecas, with their fat dirty hands loaded with rings, with their ditto, ditto necks encircled with glittering necklaces, and with massive golden drops dragging down their ears. The Jewish maiden of fifteen, with her wonderful black eyes, warm olive complexion, and pouting lips, is truly a charming creature; but the rapid way in which this lithe graceful form and beautiful features become encased, enshrouded under layer after layer of fat, as soon as she is out of her teens, makes one stand much in awe of Israelitish matronhood. A year or two at that critical age makes such a change, even in a Hebrew Venus, that I think some allowance was to be made, after all, for the cooling down of Ivanhoe's passion for Rebecca. In Duke's Street, the women generally attend to the shops, while the men are at the wholesale auctions. The costermongers, Mr Mayhew says, prefer the Jews to other dealers, for, though they are keen and greedy, they seldom refuse an offer; while the Covent Garden dealers cling obstinately to their prices, and are rather saucy in their 'take-it-or-leave-it' tone to customers. At one time, the street-sale of oranges used to be very much in the hands of the Jews; but that shrewd, money-making race seem now to have taken up the line of 'middle-men' between the importers and retailers, and to have left the basket and barrow to the Irish and other costers. Thus, we see the orange is not only a cheap and wholesome luxury, but the basis of a large, complicated, and important industry.

'THEIR MAJESTIES' SERVANTS.'

IN a work just published under the above title,* Dr Doran has added another series of pictures to that curious and interesting collection, illustrative of the quaintnesses and social traits of the olden time, which has already secured for him the reputation of one of the most piquant and attractive of modern archaeologists.

In ancient Greece, the profession of an actor was reckoned most honourable, as one by which mankind was instructed in great and important truths, whilst, at the same time, the imagination was gratified, and the moral character elevated. It was different in Rome, where a man, by becoming a player, incurred the penalty of legal and social infamy. Even there, however, some members of the craft, by their shining abilities and virtues,

* *Their Majesties' Servants: Annals of the English Stage from Thomas Betterton to Edmund Kean.* By Dr Doran, F.S.A. London: W. H. Allen & Co. 1864.

contrived to surmount the prejudices with which their profession was regarded, and, as in the case of Roscius and Æsopus, enjoyed as exalted a social position as any of their contemporaries. Under the Roman Empire, the stage sank even below the general degradation of the time, and furnished ground for the strongest denunciations on the part of the Fathers of the Christian Church, who seem to have exercised a constant vigilance against so seductive and pernicious an amusement. At a later period, the church took the drama into its own hands, and by the exhibition of Mystery and Morality plays, in which the clergy were frequently not only the authors but the performers, sought to illustrate to their audiences the solemn truths of the Christian religion. The aim was good, and these representations no doubt served their time and purpose; though, in perusing the specimens which have come down to us of the ecclesiastical drama of the middle ages, we are alternately moved to horror and smiles by the profane and ludicrous manner in which serious matters are treated—all the more striking from its total unconsciousness of any impropriety.

But the Reformation and general advancement in culture and civilisation were to sweep away all these things. The drama in its modern form established itself among us about the middle of the sixteenth century; and in the play of *Ralph Roister Doister*, produced in 1540 by Nicholas Udall, Master of Eton School—a piece which recounts the misadventure of a fortune-hunter, who, notwithstanding all the co-operation of his knavish servant, Matthew Merrygreek, is foiled in his designs—we have the first instance of a regular English comedy. The next is the famous *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, a comedy in which the joke turns on the losing of a needle with which Gammer had mended Hodge's breeches. It was written by Bishop Still, and acted with immense success at Cambridge in 1566. The first English tragedy, properly so called, though this is not referred to by Dr Doran, seems to have been *Gorboduc*, the joint production of Thomas Norton and the Earl of Dorset, and acted in 1562 by the gentlemen of the Inner Temple.

Passing over the period of about a century which intervenes between the first rise of the modern English drama and its revival after a temporary but almost total extinction, we arrive at the era of the Restoration, at which Dr Doran commences his history, and when the term 'His Majesty's Servants,' as applied to actors, came first into vogue. In 1663, Charles II. granted patents for two theatres, and no more, in London. By virtue of one of these, the 'King's Company,' under the management of Killigrew, established itself at the new playhouse in Drury Lane, erected near the site of the old Cockpit. The structure in which they performed was burned in 1672; and ten years afterwards, the 'New Drury' was built by Sir Christopher Wren. This last edifice remained till 1791, when it was taken down; and another, built by Holland, was opened in 1794, but was destined to only a brief span of existence, being destroyed by fire in 1809. It was succeeded by the present theatre, built by Wyatt, which is thus the fourth of those temples of the drama with which the name of Drury Lane is so indissolubly associated.

The other patent granted by Charles II. was to Sir William Davenant, who took the direction of what was styled 'the Duke of York's Company,' after the king's brother, and commenced his managerial career first in the old Cockpit, and then in a theatre erected at the Restoration in Salisbury Court, Fleet Street, from which he afterwards removed to another playhouse newly erected on the south side of Lincoln's Inn Fields. Here the company over which he originally presided continued, with an interval of migration to the 'Duke's Theatre' in Dorset Gardens, till 1732, when, under the management of the celebrated Rich, it was transferred to Covent Garden. Such is the history of these renowned houses, which, for a hundred and eighty years, in virtue of the patents originally granted by the Merry Monarch, enjoyed a monopoly of the representation of the legitimate drama, a monopoly which, often contested and infringed, was about twenty years since finally abrogated.

Among the actors of the latter half of the seventeenth century, the honoured name occurs of Thomas Betterton, than whom the stage never owned a brighter ornament, both in point of ability and moral worth. This estimable man, the husband of a no less estimable wife, was the son of a cook of Charles I., and having adopted the life of a player, he early rose to distinction. Through four reigns, during a period of fifty-one years, he stood at the summit of his profession, both as regards tragedy and comedy, his great character being Hamlet, whilst his wife supported the part of Ophelia. In his diary for October 1662, that veteran gossip, Mr Pepys, observes in reference to the great actor: 'Betterton is a very sober, serious man, and studious and humble, following of his studies; and is rich already with what he gets and saves.' His last appearance on the stage was on the 13th of April 1710, when he was so tortured with gout as to be almost unable to walk. Two days afterwards, he was no more; and shortly after, his remains received the honour of a stately funeral, and an interment in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey. During his life, he enjoyed the friendship of Archbishop Tillotson, to whom he made the well-known reply, when the prelate expressed his perplexity at the vaster power which the actor seemed to possess over human sympathies and emotions than he, the preacher, had ever been able to attain: 'You,' said Betterton, 'in the pulpit, only tell a story; I, on the stage, shew facts.'

As a celebrity of a different sort, Joseph or Joe Haines deserves notice, being one of the most famous low comedians of the last thirty years of the seventeenth century. He was the original Sparkish in Wycherley's *Country Wife*, and his jokes both on and off the stage were the theme of universal talk and comment in the gay world of the time. In the reign of James II., when popery became the religion of the court, Haines, with the greatest assurance, informed Lord Sunderland that he had become a convert to Romanism, having been induced to this step by a dream, in which the Virgin Mary appeared to him, and said: 'Joe, arise!' This was too much, however, for the credulity of Sunderland, who drily remarked that 'she would have said Joseph, if only out of respect for her husband!'

A device of Haines to avoid an arrest, a

predicament to which he was not unfrequently exposed, is amusing enough to be here quoted. He had just returned from a visit to Paris, with the self-conferred title of 'Count,' and was walking one day down Holborn Hill, when two bailiffs apprehended him for a debt of twenty pounds. The rogue's presence of mind never forsook him, and seeing the Bishop of Ely pass by at that moment in his carriage, Haines said to his captors: 'Here comes the carriage of my cousin, the Bishop of Ely; let me speak to him; I am sure he will satisfy you in this matter.' Leave being obtained, the comedian went up to the carriage, and hastily informed the prelate that 'here were two Romanists inclined to become Protestants, but with yet some scruples of conscience.' The good bishop readily replied: 'My friends, if you will presently come to my house, I will satisfy you in this matter.' The hesitating converts willingly obeyed the suggestion, and the unexpected explanation that thereupon ensued caused, as might be imagined, no little confusion. The unfortunate prelate, to prevent the matter being talked of, was glad to pay the sum demanded by the bailiffs; but this availed him little, as the story spread itself far and wide.

Doggett, a favourite comedian from 1691 to 1713, and the original Fondlewife in the *Old Bachelor*, and Sir Paul Pliant in the *Double Dealer*, has transmitted his name to posterity in the celebrated aquatic match which takes place annually on the Thames on the 1st of August, the anniversary of the accession of the House of Hanover to the throne. Doggett was a zealous Whig; and on this day, in 1716, he gave 'an orange-coloured livery, with a badge representing Liberty,' to be rowed for by six watermen, whose apprenticeship had expired during the preceding year. He also bequeathed a sum of money to supply prizes for the same race, which was to be rowed for annually, from London Bridge to Chelsea, 'on the same day for ever.' The prizes in question are delivered yearly at Fishmongers' Hall.

The following extract from a newspaper published in 1697, will appear rather curious at the present day: 'There was found in the pit of the playhouse, Drury Lane, Covent Garden, on Whitsun Eve, a qualification, signed by the Right Honourable the Lord Dartmouth to the Reverend W. Nicholson, to be his chaplain extraordinary; the said qualification being wrapped up in a black taffety cap, together with a bottle-screw, a knotting-needle, and a ball of sky-colour and white knotting. If the said Mr Nicholson will repair to the pit-keeper's house, in Vinegar Yard, at the Crooked Billet, he shall have the movables restored, giving a reasonable gratitude.' But what would Dean Close or Mr Spurgeon say to the incident recorded to have taken place in 1706, when, to enable the building committee of the chapel in Russell Court to complete their work, the Drury Lane company generously handed over to them the profits which they had realised by the performance of *Hamlet*? Or to Dr Young presenting the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel with the proceeds of the representation of his tragedy of *The Brothers*, amounting to four hundred pounds, to which the reverend author, from his private purse, added the sum of six hundred pounds, making in all the liberal donation of one thousand pounds!

Those who have read Pope's metrical essays will

remember the following passage, illustrative of the 'ruling passion strong in death':

'Odious! in woollen? 'Twould a saint provoke!'

Were the last words that poor Narcissa spoke.

'No; let a charming chintz and Brussels lace

Wrap my cold limbs and shade my lifeless face;

One would not sure be frightful when one's dead;

And, Betty, give this cheek a little red!'

The Narcissa here spoken of was the charming actress, Mrs Anne Oldfield, whose beauty and taste in costume were equally renowned, and who, notwithstanding sundry irregularities and errors, kept company during life with the most aristocratic society in England, and after death lay in state, attired in full-dress, with all the magnificence of a queen, in the Jerusalem Chamber, and was ultimately followed to the grave by the first nobility of the land. She was the original Lady Betty Modish in the *Careless Husband*, Marcia in *Cato*, and Lady Townley in the *Provoked Husband*.

Through her son, Colonel Churchill, Mrs Oldfield was great-grandmother of the present Earl of Cadogan. This infusion of the blood of actresses into the peerage reminds us of the frequency with which members of the English nobility have allied themselves matrimonially with 'their Majesties' Servants.' One of the earliest of these connections was the marriage of Lavinia Fenton, the original Polly of the *Beggars' Opera*, to the Duke of Bolton. In the middle of the last century, also, a tremendous sensation was produced in the fashionable world by a runaway match between Lady Susan Strangways, daughter of the Earl of Ilchester, and Mr O'Brien, a favourite comedian of Drury Lane Theatre, whose performance of Sir Andrew Ague-cheek is said to have been so overpowering as to cause one of the sentinels, who in those days were posted on each side of the stage, to fairly lose his balance and tumble over, to the great additional amusement of the audience. To hide the disgrace which it was conceived this *mésalliance* had brought upon her family, Mrs O'Brien's noble relatives procured a grant of lands in America for the young couple, who accordingly sailed for the New World. After remaining there for seven or eight years, O'Brien, who had been appointed to a situation under the Board of Ordnance, became with his wife heartily tired of their banishment, and the two accordingly returned to England. O'Brien refused to go back to his post in America, and was accordingly dismissed by the Board. Foiled in obtaining another place or a sinecure under government, he resumed his connection with the stage, but apparently more as an author than an actor, a piece by him, entitled *Cross Purposes*, achieving considerable success. Latterly, he managed to retire into private life as a landed proprietor and country gentleman in the county of Dorset. His wife survived him, and died so recently as 1827. On the history of this singular couple, Mr Thackeray has evidently founded a prominent incident in his *Virginians*.

The immense and unexpected success of the *Beggars' Opera* is well known; though what was then an unprecedented run of sixty-two nights, has, in our own day, been far exceeded by such pieces as *Our American Cousin* and the *Ticket-of-Leave Man*—both of which, after enjoying a career extending in duration to more than quadruple that of Gay's *chef-d'œuvre*, appear still to retain their popularity. Whether, however, Lord Dundreary

and Mr Taylor's hero are destined to as abiding an immortality as Peachum or Captain Macheath, is another question.

Rich, the manager of the theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields, where the *Beggars' Opera* was brought out in 1727, has gained considerable celebrity in theatrical annals, though possibly much of his fame is owing to the successful Newgate drama just mentioned, or rather the well-known saying that it gave rise to, of having made Gay rich, and Rich gay. The department in which he excelled—the personation of harlequin—occupies now only an inferior position in the theatrical profession; but in the hands of Rich, who was one of the first to introduce the character to the English public, it assumed a high artistic and intellectual phase, far superior in point of conception and delineation to anything we see attempted now in the modern pantomime. Three impersonations of this class in particular—the 'catching the butterfly,' the 'statue scene,' and the hatching of harlequin from an egg, by the heat of the sun—are spoken of as displaying a very high degree of histrionic skill. The manager of Lincoln's Inn Fields and Covent Garden Theatres seems to have been a kind-hearted man, in so far as we may judge from an anecdote related of him. One night at Covent Garden, a man, rushing headlong down the gallery, was precipitated into the pit. He was nearly killed; but Rich undertook payment of all the medical and other charges occasioned by the misfortune. The poor man, on his recovery, called on the manager to thank him for his kindness. Rich told him that he must never think of coming into the pit in that manner again; and to prevent his doing so, presented him with a free admission to the theatre. Another circumstance, though amusing enough, does not redound so largely to Rich's credit. A curious difference, we are informed, prevailed between his conduct and that of David Garrick in relation to authors. In the case of a non-accepted manuscript, when redemanded by the author, Garrick would return it unread, with some courteous phrase of commendation; while Rich, on the other hand, used to thrust all such documents indiscriminately into a drawer, and when the disappointed aspirant to dramatic fame applied for his rejected production, would tell him gravely to search himself in the receptacle of waste-paper rubbish, just mentioned, and take what he liked best, as he would probably find something there better than his own!

THE ITALIAN ORGAN-BOY.

A POEM DEDICATED TO MR B*RE*GE.

CHILD of the magic land of lake and hill,
Bright orange grove, and rice-field green and rank,
Thinking of Como's sapphire flood, thou'rt sitting there,
Hard by the Bank.

Thou son of Lombardy, obscured by fog,
Heir of great Raphael's land, the home of him,
The GUTTENBERG hero, and Columbus too—grind on;
I love thy every whim.

Offspring of Italy, Lazarus of realms,
New-risen from the grave—not soft nor sweet
Is thy coarse music; still I like its tones,
In grubby Lombard Street.

Exile of Florence, at whose tortured sounds
The little alley-boys are gaily skipping,
Beware, lest blue-clad myrmidon of peace
Catch thee, too, tripping.

Thy Faust, or Tell, or Fra Diavolo,
Sets the poor sickly children laughing, dancing,
All in and out between the omnibi,
And horses prancing.

Thine's not the *angels' music*, yet it comes
An admonition to a peddling age;
A thought poetic—like the Christmas rose
Mid winter's rage;

Heard in gay snatches, mid the roll and roar
Of a mad city, crazy in its greed.
Beware, my boy, the butcher's cart, the Pickford van,
The jibbing steed;

Beware the fiery Hansom, in its race
(Perchance to the Olympic); beware the 'bus,
Dreadful with horses, three abreast; beware
Its driver's whip and cue.

Dream of the silvery, shimmering olive-trees
Around Verona; dream of Naples' bay,
White-specked with sunny sails: my wandering boy,
Dream on, and grind away!

Not e'en Correggio, pining in his grief,
Nor Galileo in his murky cell, a fate more strange
Endured, or Dante sour in exile, boy, than thou.
Ha! what a *black Exchange*!

I love thee for the consecrated land
That gave thee birth, a land so dear to many—
Sages, chiefs, poets: for their common sake,
Here, boy, 's a penny.

I like not Verdi's music, deafening
And dumbing, brazen, boisterous;
Yet still I love thy Italy: play on,
Close to the Mansion House.

Dream of the Apennine and lonely towers,
On hills where goats alone can safely clamber;
Dream of the broad blue sea: in Leather Lane's
Thy sordid chamber.

Dream of the frescoed chapels, and of Rome,
That 'marble wilderness,' by bigots' feet
Trod down. *Heavens! why, look, he's dragged
To Worship Street!*

'Unhand him, myrmidons, for his dear sake,
The hero stainless amid seas of gore.'
'You mind yourself, my man; here's P. C. 2
Seen you before.'

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